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BIOGRAPHICAL.

John Sullivan.

Original.

In preparing a sketch of this eminent man, we do not profess to add any thing to what has already been written; our object will merely be, to render the information already published more accessible to our readers, than in its present form.

The father of Gen. Sullivan was a native of Ireland, where the name still exists. He was not one of those poor, ignorant adventurers, without property, without character, almost without civilization, who annually swarm upon our shores from that hive of misery and vice, but was of a good family and liberally educated. He landed on our shores about the year 1723, and settled at Berwick, Me. Here he lived, and here he died at the extraordinary age of 105, in July 1795, out living the subject of this article by several months.

Gen. JOHN SULLIVAN was born at Berwick in 1741, the same year with his compatriot and friend General Peabody. Of his early life little is known. It is ascertained that he received his education almost entirely from his father, and that he was settled at Durham N. H. in the practice of law several years prior to the Revolution. Many anecdotes have been published relative to the privations of his youth, the poverty and difficulties with which he had to struggle to obtain an education. It has been said, that whilst young, he was employed as a raftsmen; that he afterwards entered the service of Matthew Livermore, Esq. a distinguished lawyer of Portsmouth and Attorney General of the Province, who, duly appreciating his worth and talents, took him into his office as a student-at-law. All these stories, however, are, to say the least extremely apocryphal, and it is even doubtful whether he studied with Mr. Livermore, although it is believed, that was the case.—He became eminent in his profession, and was early distinguished as an opponent of those measures of the British ministry, which afterwards resulted in the Independence of the colonies. He was, like his friend Peabody, fond of military life, and was early in commission. In the year 1772, he was appointed Major of the militia. In 1774, he was elected, as colleague of Gen. Folsom, to the first General American Congress, which met at Philadelphia, in September.—In the last of October, Congress adjourned and its members returned to their several homes. In the Dec. following, he, with John Langdon and Capt. Thomas Pickering, a brave son of liberty, who was killed at an early stage of our revolutionary troubles, whilst commanding a privateer, led a body of men to the king's Fort, William-and-Mary, and captured over a hundred barrels

of gunpowder and other military stores. The first Congress having recommended another to be holden on the 10th of May 1775, the provincial committee of the province addressed through their chairman the following circular to the Selectmen of the several towns. We copy it from the original document.

"WHEREAS the American Continental Congress have recommended another to be held at Philadelphia on the tenth Day of May next,—We the Provincial Committee conceiving it highly expedient and necessary to send DELEGATES, for this Province, to the Congress proposed to be held then, recommend it to the respective Towns in this Government to appoint Deputies in their Behalf to meet at Exeter on Wednesday the 25th Day of January next for the Choice of Delegates to represent this Province at such intended Congress: And also to empower such Deputies when so met, to chuse a Committee of their Body to proportion the Sum each Town ought to pay toward sending such Delegates:

Nov. 30, 1774. By Order of the Committee,

J. WENTWORTH, Chairman."

In compliance with this recommendation, a Convention of Delegates, from the several towns met at Exeter, at the time appointed and proceeded to business. There was a balance due to the former delegates besides the pay of those to be appointed, and it was extremely difficult to raise the requisite funds. They resolved to raise two hundred and fifty pounds which sum was apportioned among the several towns. Circulars were sent to the Selectmen of every town, stating their proportion of the tax and requiring them to collect it before the twentieth day of the succeeding March and pay it to John Giddings, Esq. who was appointed Receiver-General. This gentleman was a physician, a prominent patriot, and a native and resident of Exeter, where he was born on the 11th Sept. 1728. The convention made choice of Maj. Sullivan and Capt. John Langdon to represent them in Congress, and on its adjournment, appointed a committee of correspondence with power to call another convention, when necessary, and issued an address to the people, warning them of their danger, and exhorting them to union, peace, harmony, frugality, industry, manufactures, and learning the military life; that they might be able, if necessary, to defend the country against invasion.

Major Sullivan attended the session of Congress which met at Philadelphia, in May 1775, and was by that body, on the 22d June, a few days after the Battle at Bunker Hill, appointed Brigadier General of the American Armies. He immediately proceeded to Boston, and took the command of the troops stationed at Winter-Hill. He was, the next year, sent to Canada, where,

on the death of Maj. Gen. Thomas, he succeeded to the command. That portion of the army was then in a miserable condition; without clothes, dispirited by defeat, worn out with fatigue and suffering more severely from the small-pox than from the attacks of the enemy; it required all his perseverance and address, to sustain the necessary discipline. His conduct was so exemplary, that, on his retiring from the command in July, the field-officers united in testifying to his impartiality, dignity and humanity. On the 29th of July, 1776, he was commissioned Major General. On the 27th day of the succeeding month, he was actively engaged in the battle on Long Island, and was, with Maj. Gen. Lord Sterling, taken prisoner by the British. He was immediately sent by Gen. Howe on his parole, with a message to Congress, which having delivered, he returned to the British army. He was exchanged for the British General Prescott in September. On the capture of Gen. Charles Lee by the British, Gen. Sullivan took command of his division in N. Jersey, on the 20th December. On the 26th of the same month, occurred the memorable battle and victory of Trenton. On that occasion, he commanded the right division of the American army, and acquitted himself with great honor.

In Aug. 1777, Gen. Sullivan, on his own responsibility, without the authority or knowledge of Congress or the commander-in-chief, planned and executed an expedition against the enemy on Staten Island. The result of this expedition was highly creditable to the courage and talents of its commander; but complaints having been made against him for this unwarrantable assumption of power, and it being hinted, that a more favorable result might have been expected from so good an opportunity, a court of inquiry was instituted into his conduct, who not only acquitted him with honor, but made such a report to Congress, that that body resolved that the result so honorable to Gen. Sullivan, is highly pleasing to Congress; and that the opinion of the court be published, in justification of that injured officer.

In Sept. Gen. Sullivan took a conspicuous part in the Battle of Brandywine commanding one division of the American army. Among the evidences of his bravery on that occasion, we have one of so interesting a nature, that we here transcribe it from the original, unpublished certificate of Lafayette.

"At Camp near White Marsh, the 1st November.

Tho' very far from thinking that Major General Sullivan could ever want such a certificate, however it is with the greatest pleasure that (according to his own desire) I repeat here how sensible I have been of his bravery at the affair of Brandywine the 11 7bre. I can assure him that such a

courage as he showed that day will always deserve the praises of every one.

the marquis de Lafayette,
maj. gen. in the army
of the unit. st. of america."

He also commanded a division at the Battle of Germantown, on the 4th of October, and in that disastrous conflict displayed more than his usual bravery and courage. Both his aids were killed by his side and Gen. Washington, in his letter to Congress, concludes with encomiums on the gallantry of Gen. Sullivan and the whole right wing of the army, who acted immediately under the eye of his excellency.

In August, 1778, he had the sole command of an expedition to the island of Newport, then in the hands of the British. He was accompanied by Generals Lafayette and Greene, who volunteered their services on the occasion. The French fleet, under Count D'Estaing, was to co-operate with our army in the attack; but, being driven off by a violent storm, or from some other reason, it left the coast and sailed to Boston. Gen. Sullivan, much to his mortification, was obliged to raise the siege and commence a retreat. The enemy pursued, and on the 29th, attacked the American army. The action resulted in the repulse of the enemy, and Gen. Sullivan effected on the 30th, a safe and skilful retreat to the continent, bringing off every article of baggage, and without the least suspicion as to his movements, on the part of the enemy. His conduct on this occasion was warmly commended by Congress, and adds more than any thing else to his reputation as a skilful commander.

In July 1778, the pleasant villages situated on the banks of the Susquehannah, in the vale of Wyoming, were totally laid waste by the Tories and Indians. It was thought necessary by the commander-in-chief effectually to prevent the recurrence of this bloody tragedy, by the infliction of exemplary chastisement upon those who were the chief actors. An expedition was raised and placed under the command of Gen. Sullivan with instructions to penetrate the Indian country, destroy their settlements and lay waste their towns and villages. He had under his command a large and select force with several brigadiers, and on the 22d of August, was joined by Gen. Clinton. He marched into the Indian territory and met the enemy at Newton, between the south end of Seneca lake and Tioga river, under the command of Butler and Brant, who had led the attack upon Wyoming, the previous summer. Sullivan attacked them in their works and totally defeated them. He then proceeded to execute his orders with the utmost rigor. During five weeks he was unremittingly employed in the labor of destruction, burnt their towns and villages, eighteen in number, entirely laid waste their plantations, destroyed their corn, and killed a great number of the Savages. In the conduct of this hazardous enterprize, Gen. Sullivan displayed the greatest courage, prudence, and perseverance. It has been

remarked, that the orders which he gave his troops, and the discipline which he maintained would have done honor to the most experienced ancient or modern generals.

Gen. Sullivan, by the freedom of his remarks, and the frequency of his demands for military stores, had given offence to many of the members of Congress and board of war. This circumstance, as well as his impaired health, induced him to tender his resignation to Congress. That body, on the 30th Nov. 1779, accepted his resignation, and passed a resolve, thanking him for his military services.

On leaving the army, Maj. Gen. Sullivan immediately returned to his seat at Durham. In Feb. 1780, he was appointed by the legislature of New Hampshire, agent to settle the line between that state and New York. On the 21st June, he was appointed by the same body, delegate to the General Congress, and was re-appointed on the 19th January, following. In Jan. 1782, the legislature appointed him commander of their troops to Vermont, and on the 21st of June, of the same year, Attorney-General of New Hampshire. When the new state constitution went into operation, he was re-appointed Attorney-General, 25th Dec. 1784, and major-general of the militia, which offices he held till 28 Feb. 1786, when he resigned them both. In 1785, he represented the town of Durham in the legislature, by which body, he was elected speaker. He was the same year, chosen counsellor by the people.

Gen. Sullivan was, in 1786, raised to the highest office within the gift of the citizens of New Hampshire. In 1787, he was re-elected President of the state, but was, the next year, succeeded by his opponent, John Langdon. He was, however, returned to the House of Representatives, and was again chosen Speaker. In the same year, 1788, he was chosen member of the State convention, called to consider the new Constitution of the United States. Gen. Sullivan was called to preside over their deliberations, which, finally, after much opposition, resulted in favor of the new form of government. In 1789, he was again, and for the third time, elected to the chief-magistracy of the State. In September, of the same year, he was appointed by the President and Senate of the United States, judge of the district court of New Hampshire, and in consequence of his acceptance, he resigned his office as President of the state. The act, organizing this court, was passed on the 24th Sept. 1789, and the first Circuit Court for this district was held at Portsmouth, on the 20th May, following, by Hon. John Jay, chief-justice of the United States, and Hon. John Sullivan.

Gen. Sullivan continued to hold the office of Judge, till his death, which took place at Durham, on the 23d day of January, 1795. He had entered upon his fifty-fifth year.

Although not liberally educated, Gen. Sullivan was a good lawyer. He was well versed in general literature, and had, during his active and varied course, acquired

extensive knowledge of men and the world. He was well fitted for a military man. He was possessed of perseverance, energy, courage, hardihood, and a spirit of enterprize. His personal appearance and deportment were grave and dignified, and he was fond of display. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Dartmouth College in 1789.

Gen. Sullivan had three sons, who all graduated at Harvard College, in 1790.—John died a few years since; James died young, and George has been Representative in Congress, and is the present Attorney-General of the state.

His brother, James Sullivan, a distinguished statesman, judge, and governor of Massachusetts, died 10th Dec. 1808, aged 64. The Hon. William Sullivan of Boston, author of 'Familiar Letters on Public Characters and Events,' is his son.

Abolition of Capital Punishment.

Original.

"I shall ask for the abolition of death—until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me. The punishment of death has always inspired me with feelings of horror."

Such was the decisive language, which fell from the lips of the great and good Lafayette, while debating a few years since a proposition for the abolition of capital punishment, submitted to the French Chamber of Deputies by one of its members. Nor does he stand alone in his opinions. The practice of taking life as a punishment for crimes committed, though of long antiquity and capable of being supported by a variety of plausible arguments and ingenious theories, is yet so repulsive to the sympathies and better feelings of our nature, and attended by such a crowd of evil consequences, that for a long period many of the wisest and best men have doubted its justice and expediency. The result of doing so has been a full discussion and final settlement of the general principles which should lie at the foundation of every penal code. Among these are several entitled to be ranked as axioms, their truth and certainty being no longer questionable, and the universality of their application admitted by every one.—Thus, that "the prevention of crime is the sole end of punishment," and that "every punishment, which is not absolutely necessary for that purpose, is a cruel and tyrannical act," together with the self-evident maxim, that "every penalty should be proportioned to the offence," are principles so important and efficacious in protecting human rights and preventing the abuses of power, that they have come to be regarded in every free country as the essential basis of all criminal legislation. As evidence that they were so looked upon by the founders of our state government, we need only refer to the clause of our constitution which declares, "all penalties ought to be proportioned to the nature of the offence; and a multitude of sanguinary laws is both impolitic and unjust; the true design of all pun-

ishments being to reform, not to exterminate mankind."

Acting in accordance with the sentiments contained in that instrument, which, before entering upon the duties of their office, they must bind themselves by an oath to support, our lawgivers have banished from the statute book many cruel ordinances that had descended from the dark ages, and there now remain only two offences, the commission of which subjects the offender to death.—These are treason and wilful murder; and to inquire whether they too should not be exempted from so dreadful an infliction, whether judicial authority should not in every instance abstain from sacrificing human victims upon the altar of justice, will be the object of a few brief essays under the title we have chosen. If an apology were necessary for entering upon the subject at the present time, it might be found in the strong probability that it will attract the attention and demand the action of our next legislature. The views of his excellency, Gov. Badger, are already known; and the favorable reception they met with from an intelligent committee to whom they were referred, as well as the large and respectable minority of the House, which countenanced the report of that committee by voting against the indefinite postponement of their bill substituting imprisonment for life at hard labor instead of death, afford assurance most strong that the matter will be again agitated next June, and, as we confidently hope, something favorable to the cause of mankind accomplished. We are perfectly convinced that the progress of freedom, science, morals and religion, renders unnecessary and mischievous the existence, nay, imperiously demands the repeal, of every law originating in despotic and barbarous times, itself the natural offspring of revengeful and vindictive feelings.

Integrity and Virtue.

Original.

There is none so sunk in vice or vile by nature, none so ignorant or stupid, but will candidly avow, in his moments of calm reflection and deliberate thought, the truth of the old proverb 'honesty is the best policy.' At such seasons, the most abandoned are impressed with the worth and loveliness of upright conduct, and loathe and abhor the destructive deformity of their own course.—They are convinced that that bosom alone, which is shielded by the conscious rectitude of its own intentions, can successfully withstand temptation, or bid defiance to the assaults of adversity. At such times, if never before, are all ready to acknowledge the incomparable excellence of virtue. Why then is she not sought after and pursued through life? The reason is a plain one. The great mass of mankind seldom or never think calmly, and deliberately, and soberly.—They never pause to examine their footsteps by the clear light of reason and truth. They rush onward, as the horse goeth into battle, to appearance utterly reckless of the

consequences which must inevitably reward dissipation and wickedness.

The Season.

Original.

"Aunce mair I hail thee thou gloomy December."

The ever revolving wheel is rapidly carrying us onward towards the verge of the year, and soon will have numbered this with the thousands which have preceded it,—now sunk in the obscure, unfathomable recesses of the past. Nought but a few prominent facts and occurrences mark the great outline of history, as links in that chain of past events so often weakened by the conflicting testimony of those who have attempted to preserve it unbroken. Fable and tradition have done much to fill up the intermediate spaces, and stamped as authentic what might have rested on the foundation of mere possibility. What we can gather from these dubious lights, however, aided by more decisive historic documents, demonstrates the fact that nearly sixty centuries have elapsed since this mighty globe sprung into existence. Change has characterized every age, revolutions of time have been marked with correspondent revolutions of states and empires, till the whole material world is filled with the buried ruins of ancient glory and magnificence. Yet amid the dim, twilight shadows of past events, rays of light burst forth to dispel the darkness of melancholy, and shed on the future a mild and cheerful radiance.

It is at this season of the year, when the dormant energies of nature are locked up in their "half year's sleep," that the mind reverts with most pleasure to the long buried transactions of those who have gone before—of generations known only by their deeds, while their names perhaps, are sunk to the tomb with those who bore them. This is emphatically the time for deep, silent, and profitable meditation. The active functions of the mind know no rest, and nothing tends so much to strengthen the mental powers and enlarge their capacity for happiness, as a serious contemplation of the past.

Aside from the many real comforts circled round the winter fire-side, there is a permanent enjoyment in treasuring up and storing the mind with the experience of former ages—in travelling in imagination through the long vista of years to the source of created intelligencies, and tracing the progress of mind and matter to their present improved state. It is pleasant to reflect that while "time's effacing fingers" have been busy in blotting from the records of fame what aspiring man had destined to be immortal,—that while lawless ambition has been execrated, and vice, in whatever shape held up to scorn and detestation;—virtue has ever commanded the respect of mankind, and real excellence of character found its reward in the approbation of posterity. Although mutability may be stamped upon the most-during monuments of ancient art and glory, yet it teaches us lessons of practical morality, which should exert a salutary influence

over the whole character and conduct. It admonishes us to build our hopes on virtuous principles, that we may act our part on the stage of life as becomes rational, intelligent beings. SOLON.

The Solar Eclipse.

Original.

Oh! see you nothing in that wondrous sight
Of his creative power, who over all
Maintains supreme control! O see you not
Displayed in that dark, wondrous scene
An act of nature's God! Does not I ask
Your soul feel, deeply feel within itself
The all pervading, conq'ring power of HIM,
Who did pronounce, in presence of that earth
His handiwork, that all he'd made was good?
I love such exhibitions of his power;
There is a something, undefined, obscure [holds
But yet a something which strong influence
My feelings o'er, and which strikes me with awe
Mingled with love. At all such times
I think I see, I hear, I feel my God.
His attributes so boundless, then do seem
Cognizable by sense. His finger I can see
Distinctly marking these events so strange,
So grand, so far above humanity.
There was a time, I ween, when such displays,
The natural effect of God's wise ord'nances
Excited in the superstitious minds
Of ignorant, finite, foolish mortals
A dread of dire events. Wars, plagues, disease
And famine, were supposed, by such foretold.
As tho' the Lord, all-wise, unchangeable
Could not, as he should choose, dispose events
Without to us, poor earthly, creeping worms,
The subjects of his will, his mercy too,
His plans omnipotent disclosing all.
My views are different. I am not repelled,
But drawn in fancy to the realms above;
Where I, in trance seraphic, seem to see [round
The heavenly throng, the throne of God sur-
And chant the praises of the Lamb and his.
And then, O how, despite the ties which bind
Affections worldly, to this earth below
I long to join the angels worshipping,
And there in holy strains live out eternity;
The life-time of that God who governs all;
The God of miracles, who, in his power
Displays by THE ECLIPSE, 'mongst other signs
To mortal eyes, his strength, his glory too.

B. F. C.

Resignation.

Original.

Dear N— the happy cheerful hours
In pleasure spent, once fondly ours,
When quiet ease, with all her powers,
Conspired to give us,
Some foretaste of the blissful bowers,
Kept for the pious.

Those pleasant days, Dear N— are o'er.
Yes! fate vindictive from us tore,
The joys anticipation bore
Unto our bosoms,
With all the fancied good in store,
In hope's bright visions.

But let not sorrow cloud thy brow;
Though fortune frown, perhaps e'en now,
Some secret spring, we wist not how,
May make it better;
And for misfortune to us show
Fair days forever.

The Wife.

"I have been with thee in thy hour,
Of glory and of bliss.—
Doubt not its memory's living power
'To strengthen me through this!"

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, the warm and eloquent blood played upon his cheek, shadowing at intervals his manly forehead, and 'melting into beauty in his lip.'

He stood in the pride of his youth—a fair form With his feeling yet noble, his spirit yet warm—
An Eagle to shelter the dove with his wing,
An elm where the lightning twining tendrils might cling.

And they gave themselves to one and other, in the presence of Heaven; and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of a summer sun-set stole through the hall closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the young wife had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood; and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her beautiful brow. Her husband's brow, too was marked some what more deeply than his age would warrant—
anxiety, ambition and pride had gone over it,—a silver hue was mingling with the darkness of his hair, which had become thinned around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on the ottoman, with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible on his features.

'Edward, you are ill to-night,' said his wife in a low, sweet, and half enquiring voice, as she laid her hand upon her husband's.

The husband roused himself from his attitude slowly, and a slight frown knit his brow. 'I am not ill,' he said somewhat abruptly, and he folded his arms upon his bosom, as if he wished no interruption of his evidently bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused his wonted cheerfulness, and glared down upon us with a cold, dim, and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love, refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over feelings which he scorns, or fears to reveal,—dreadful to watch the convulsive feature, and the gloomy brow; the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions; the involuntary sighs of sorrow, in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed more. 'Edward' she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, 'the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reverse. You are troubled, and yet you refuse to tell me the cause.'

Some thing of returning tenderness succeeded for an instant, the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirit of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, which had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—miserably fallen—and he had been doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of his dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

'Edward—my dear Edward,' she said, 'I have come to save you. I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God that my purpose is nearly accomplished.'

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled in his eyelash. 'I have not deserved this kindness,' he murmured, in the choked tones of convulsive agony.

'Edward,' said his wife in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated fearful debility, 'we have not a moment to lose. Haste, or we are too late. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass unnoticed. Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband, dearer than life itself.'

'But Margaret,' said the husband, 'you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell.' 'Oh speak not of me, my dearest Edward,' said the devoted woman. 'I can endure every thing for your sake. Haste Edward—haste, and all will be well,'—and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

'Farewell, my love, my preserver,' whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady, that the time allotted for her visit had expired. 'Farewell, we shall meet again,' responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—that wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her hus-

band; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found wrapt in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted Wife.

Way-side Sketches.—No. 2.

Original.

Who would stop or fear to advance,
Though home or shelter he had none,
With such a sky to lead him on?

Wordsworth.

The next morning the effervescence of my brain had worked itself off, and the golden visions of rent-rolls, six per cent. stocks, and Dutch patrimony had evaporated. To be sure that little dark-eyed Katrine did make something of a disturbance in my "heart of hearts," among the chemical elements therein contained. For the time, there was a wonderful exercise of affinity and decomposition and interchange of elements, accompanied by sensible heat, but somehow or other the law of multiple proportions would not work, and the ingredients being left to stand over night, I found in the morning that, like the Alchemist's mixture, they had quite evaporated.

We took the eleven o'clock train of cars, and in twenty-seven and a half minutes from leaving the depot, 115 State st. we arrived at Schenectady. My *compagnon-du-voyage* has such a reverence for learning and the habitations wherein she abides, that it was not in my power to move him from this Dutch city, until he had seen Union College, its libraries, philosophical hall, etc. Nor did I afterwards regret the delay, as it gave me an opportunity of witnessing one of the most splendid sun sets I ever saw. We had been sauntering over the college grounds, which are spacious, and arranged on a magnificent plan, and were resting leisurely beneath the shade of a green old tree that stands near North college. The landscape before us was as finished and varied a picture as I have ever looked upon. Woods and waters, hill and valley, and emerald green meadow—the crowded and busy city, and the neat low colleges upon the Mohawk—the spire of a distant church—the quiet and sleeping surface of a beautiful lake, and all grouped in and confined by a barrier of blue mountains—furnished forth a most beautiful and finished landscape. Towards the west we traced the valley of the Mohawk through which it makes its way to its ocean home.—Here and there we could observe a light skiff floating upon the stream, and with each plash of the oars the water would dash up and gleam in the sunlight, as if crested with molten silver. The day had been uncommonly fine, and as the sun went down between the mountains which the river in its course had separated, and threw back upon sky and earth his glorious radiance; as the voices and busy sounds of the city died away into a low and indistinct murmur; as the hush and holy calm of the sunset hour came down, like a ministering spirit, upon the world: it seemed that

"Like to a child o'er-wearied with sweet toil,
On its own folded wings and weary hair,
The spirit of the earth was laid asleep."

My companion is an enthusiastic lover of natural beauty. Wherever she builds her altar, there is he prepared to give the offering of his homage. In the earth with its varied beauties,—its mountains, its forests and its waters—and on the sky that canopies them all, he is accustomed to read the signature of the Almighty, so that the spirit which parades and beautifies all, is, to him, no ideal spirit of beauty and of glory. The scene which we beheld was such as harmonized most beautifully with the feelings,—such as would chasten the affections, and awaken deep and glorious thoughts of God and eternity. It would not be possible to conceive of a more glorious sunset. As the "god of day" threw his parting smile upon forest, hill and stream, the clouds closed around as if to curtain his couch, and catching the radiance which glowed upon his brow, they rolled away in masses of glorious form and beauty, and strewn upward towards the zenith, they hung like banners of heaven before the gates of the golden city. Here and there might be seen a darker mass, fringed with tints of surpassing loveliness like an island resting upon a sea of the most delicate and beautiful hues.—Long after the sun had gone down behind the horizon, we gazed upon this splendid scene—a scene

"So beautiful
That God alone was to be seen in heaven."—

At Utica, June 23. There is little to interest one on the line of the Canal from Schenectady to this place, if we except the wild and romantic scenery in the vicinity of Little Falls. The villages in this section of the state do not generally wear that air of neatness and taste which belongs to our New England hamlets. There is not that beauty and variety in the scenery of Western New York, which we have in the "Granite State." One would not be likely to dream of the Alps or of Highland Crags and locks here, or if he should, this tame scenery would not be the inspiration of his dreams.

The Canal passes through the valley of the Mohawk, which is exceedingly rich and fertile, and inferior, perhaps, in these respects to no portion of the country. This Erie Canal was a splendid and magnificent plan, worthy of the genius and enterprise and industry of its projector. What a high road it opens for a rich and extensive territory, and what resources of wealth and enterprise has it developed!

July 2. Utica is one of those numerous places in the western section of the state, which have grown up within the memory of the present generation. It has no history: its corner stone was laid but yesterday, and its superstructure was built up by the same hands that assisted at that initial ceremony. It now rivals in neatness, beauty and enterprise the older cities and towns upon the river. That same word *enterprise* is a very

important one in the dialect of this section of the country, and it is not a name merely, as canals, railways, steam carriages and boats can testify.

The location of this city is really elegant, and it contains some beautiful buildings, though there is nothing like splendor about it. Its site is upon the south bank of the Mohawk, from which it rises by a gradual ascent, the principal streets crossing the canal and forming right angles with the river.

July 4. "Independence now, and independence forever." We have had a "grand display" of military, cold beef, orations, toasts, and the other et-cetera of this glorious day. To-morrow we make our bow to mine host, and go to Whitesboro' four miles west, where we intend to *ruralize* for a while. If we should meet with any inkling of an adventure you shall have its details.

Opposition to Washington.

[We extract the following from the Eulogy on Lafayette lately delivered in Boston by Hon. FRANCIS BAYLIES. It relates to a very interesting portion of our Revolutionary History, and one which is, by our citizens, little understood. The extract will speak for itself.]

You are doubtless aware of the existence of an intrigue, at a certain period of the revolutionary war, to effect the removal of Washington from the command of the army; but perhaps many of you are not aware of its extent, and by what slight chances it failed of success. The latter acts of Washington have covered his name with a blaze of light; you cannot now see the dark clouds which once overshadowed his path and obscured his glory.

Scarcely had he taken the command of the army, when envy and ambition commenced their usual operations, by endeavoring to decry a capacity which has rarely been equalled, and to sully a character which never had a stain. This disposition appeared first in Charles Lee, the second in command, an Englishman, who had served in Europe with much reputation. So arrogant was his spirit that he obeyed the orders of Washington with sullen reluctance. He was too much of a soldier to incur the penalties of insubordination, and he contrived to keep just within the limits of obedience. But the emphatic brevity of his sneers perhaps produced a more decided effect upon popular opinion, than secret detraction or defamation. To superficial minds the sarcasms of Lee seemed justified by the train of disasters which had followed Washington. The hopes of the disaffected began to concentrate upon him, but the crisis was delayed by his captivity, and that accident, and the brilliant reputation which Gates had acquired by the capture of Burgoyne's army, induced them to transfer their attachments to him. They soon shewed themselves openly; their machinations assumed a formidable aspect, and all disappointed politicians, men of irregular ambition and sinister designs, joined the cabal.

Thomas Conway, a Frenchman of Irish

descent, was appointed a Brigadier General early in 1777. He perceived a disposition in Congress to depress Washington and to elevate Gates, and he determined to make his court to the northern conqueror in season. He opened a correspondence with Gates, and by contrasting him with Washington in a manner gratifying to the self-love of the former, he flattered his vanity so skilfully, that Gates was encouraged in the design, which he had begun to entertain of supplanting Washington.

Gen. Mifflin of Pennsylvania, also commenced a correspondence with Gates, in which he expressed himself with little reserve in derogation of the character of Washington. Mifflin's passion for popularity was unbounded, and as the name of Washington, however strange the assertion may appear now, was then odious in Pennsylvania, and the Legislature of that state had even remonstrated to Congress against him, he might, from that circumstance, have been induced to ally himself to the enemies of the Commander-in-Chief. As he possessed the powers of popular eloquence in a transcendent degree, and as none better knew the way "*spargere voces ambiguas*" amongst the multitude, to breed discontent and excite suspicion, he was, under the circumstances, a formidable enemy.

It is now impossible to ascertain all the members of Congress who were inimical to Washington:—one is known, and he, I am sorry to say, was Samuel Adams;—yet there is not the least reason for supposing that he was actuated by any personal feeling of illwill. It was his habitual and constitutional jealousy of power, which led him to support the policy of rotation in command and short enlistments. Deriving many of his notions from the histories of the little City Republics of Greece, the ostracism came naturally into his scheme of government.

The secret ballots cannot be traced by which Gates was elected President, and Mifflin a member of the Board of War, with powers to direct the operations of the Commander-in-Chief. Neither can it be ascertained by whose votes Conway was elevated over all the Brigadier Generals in the service, his seniors in rank,—created a Major General, and Inspector General, and rendered almost independent of the control and orders of the Commander-in-Chief. This high and privileged office was given to him when it was publicly known that, while he was under the immediate command of Washington, he was plotting his removal, and was assailing his character in language like this—"Heaven has been determined to favor the country, or a weak General and bad counsellors had ruined it." This foreigner, who had been but a few months in the country;—whose evidences of ability existed only in defamatory letters—whom Washington had denounced "a dangerous incendiary" was promoted by Congress over all the native Brigadier Generals, his superiors in rank. It seemed as if they were determined to place the firebrand in the hands of the incendiary.

Perilous indeed was the situation of Wash-

ington. One of less firmness, of less ability and less virtue would have been prostrated. The Board of War, organized with the power of a department, was in the hands of his enemies. His friends Greene, Knox and Hamilton were marked out for persecution and Greene had been neglected, insulted and superseded. Conway, by virtue of his office, could report on the conduct of all the officers with his own glosses, and by reporting directly to Congress, their military reputation was at his mercy. Washington could appeal to no other tribunal for the redress of his wrongs and the justification of his character, except the Congress—a Congress which had given decisive proofs of their animosity and of their inclination to displace him. By the disastrous fortune of war, he had been compelled to abandon the two great cities of the middle States to the enemy. He had been defeated in three important battles. The splendid success of Gates had thrown his military fame into the deepest shade. A powerful State, then the seat of war, had remonstrated against him. A veteran army of eighteen thousand men, well supplied, and well armed, were within two days march of his encampment at Valley-Forge. His own army, not a third in number, were bare-footed, half naked, often without a day's provisions, and, according to his own statement, reduced to a condition which could terminate in nothing but starvation, dissolution or dispersion.

A great man, struggling with the storms of fate, is the most sublime of moral spectacles. Precious indeed is that friendship which can stand the test of adversity. The prosperous and the powerful are surrounded by flatterers and sycophants. It is the fiat of divinity that reptiles should eat dust, and dust always gathers around the footstool of power. Adversity is the touchstone of fidelity. The fortunes of Washington, to all appearance—in all human probability, were on the wane. His fame was withering under the blights of audacious slanders and secret detraction. Open enemies were hurling their denunciations in his face. Envy was seeking to prey upon a character which for purity and public virtue had been unrivalled since the days of Epaminondas. His glory was eclipsed and darkness covered his prospects.

At this critical period an attempt was made to detach Lafayette from his interests. "Lafayette in his MS. memoirs says, that he was not included in the general attacks which were made upon the confidential friends of Washington, such as Greene, Knox and Hamilton, because it was supposed a better use might be made of his growing popularity with the country, and of his correspondence with his friends in Europe." The Board of War, without deigning to ask the opinion of Washington, or even to consult him, reported to Congress in favor of an expedition to Canada. They proposed to invest themselves with the power of carrying this scheme into effect, with the general officers to be appointed by Congress. The report was accepted, and Lafayette, Conway and Stark were elected. Of this expe-

dition, Lafayette was to have taken the command, and was to have acted entirely independent of the Commander-in-Chief. This was a temptation which few could have resisted. An independent command, with the prospect of glory and conquest on a field already illustrated by the glorious deeds of Frenchmen, Englishmen and Americans—of Montcalm, Wolf and Montgomery—was offered to a youth of twenty years, ambitious, enterprising, aspiring and enthusiastic. No ordinary mind could have resisted such a temptation. Lafayette restrained himself. His love of America, and his veneration of Washington, overcame even the aspirations of youthful ambition. Without consulting the Commander, he repaired immediately to Congress, and positively declined the command, unless he could act under his immediate orders. Young as he was, he saw that the emancipation of the nation rested on Washington's arm, and he witnessed the agony of a noble spirit, sensitive to insult and alive to honor, in its struggle between wounded feeling and patriotic devotion. He saw that his Commander preferred true glory to its phantom, and had reconciled himself to the endurance of petty insults of military and political demagogues, rather than risk the salvation of his country in such hands, by indulging his feelings, and resigning. Lafayette acted in the spirit of honorable fidelity, and such was the effect of his representations, that Congress yielded to his solicitations, abandoned the system of distrust and jealousy towards Washington, and soon restored him to his full powers.

Culture of Silk.

Original.

Some employment is required for the aged, which will occupy them without creating anxiety, and amuse without fatiguing. This is the great secret for rendering old age cheerful or perhaps tolerable, and this is offered by employment in silk culture.

Instead of the severe unrelenting labor of the factory, moderate attention for one month only is required. Worms, if well fed, will begin to spin and, of course, cease to eat, in thirty-two days. They should be fed three, four, or five times a day, as they increase in size. The rule is, to give them as much as they will eat. It is a good employment for boys to pick the leaves, and the whole process can be made interesting to them for the length of time requisite for one crop. In Pennsylvania it is proposed to support their whole school establishment, by appropriating an acre of land to Mulberry trees in every school district throughout the state. The lot may be fenced by the Mulberry hedge. Were there no persons to oppose and ridicule what they do not themselves suggest and were the system to have fair play, the thing could be very easily accomplished in this state. The leaves might be gathered the second summer from the seed and the worms fed by the teacher and scholars. To a traveller from a seaport, the northern parts of New Hampshire ap-

pear as if some terrible desolation had swept over the land. Half the female population have rushed to the factories and the domestic comfort of society proportionably diminished. This is not as it should be—attractions at home should be multiplied. If every family would sow one ounce of Mulberry seed, which can be purchased for twenty-five cents, there would soon be profitable and agreeable employment at home and quite as productive of moral and social improvement, as any to be found abroad—even printing. The millenium will not commence till the members of society are drawn together by silken cords.

Lying in Bed.

No piece of indolence hurts the health more than the modern custom of lying in bed too long in the morning. This is the general practice in great towns. The inhabitants of cities never rise before eight or nine o'clock, but the morning is undoubtedly the best time for exercise, while the stomach is empty, and the body refreshed with sleep. Besides, the morning air braces and strengthens the nerves, and in some measure answers the purpose of a cold bath. Let any one who has been accustomed to lie abed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by six or seven, spend a couple of hours in walking, riding, or any other active diversion without doors, he will find his spirits cheerful and serene through the day, his appetite keen, and his body braced and strengthened. Custom soon renders early rising agreeable, and nothing contributes more to the preservation of health. The inactive are constantly complaining of pains in the stomach, flatulence, indigestion, &c. These complaints which pave the way to many others, are not to be removed by medicines; they can only be cured by a rigorous course of exercise, to which indeed they seldom fail to yield.—It consists with observation, that all old men have been early risers. This is the only circumstance attending longevity, to which I never knew an exception.

Woman.

We extracted, a few days since, from an English paper, a remark, that in the promotion of public or private charities, one woman was worth just thirteen men and a half. A young lady of this city, who possesses the means for judging, has sent us word that the ratio is nearer 18 to 1, in favor of the ladies, and she has appealed to us to sustain her assertion. This appeal to us is well with reference to the general character of the sex, but unfortunate as it regards particulars, because we are as ignorant in these matters of the ladies, as Uncle Toby, whose declaration was made with so much emphasis to Squire Shandy, his brother. But our impressions are so strong of woman's pre-eminence, in works of goodness, that we are half inclined to defend the assertion, and trust to an imperfect memory for a few instances. We say nothing of Eve, nor will we allow her error to be pleaded against us,—she was too recently from the side of Adam

to have acquired any distinctive character,—but take her daughter, perhaps her oldest. When the first born of our race was driven forth from his home and his kind, he went not alone—the soothing cares of woman softened the judgment of heaven; and father, mother, home and its innocent delights, were sacrificed to the charities of a wife: and she followed him, the accursed of God, to minister to his wants; to hide, if not obliterate, the mark of guilt upon his brow; to throw herself between his blood-stained bosom and the avenger's sword!

It was the woman, the mother that saved and nourished the infant Moses. "My head, my head," said the boy who had followed the male members of the family into the field, "and they bare him to his mother, and he lay on her knees until he died."

It was woman, the daughter of Jephtha, that bowed her head submissively to the chieftain's oath, and gave her life that she might redeem a parent's pledge.

When the "Promised One" came, men and Kings indeed came and worshipped him, but woman watched his infancy, and ministered to his wants. It was woman that bathed his feet—it was woman that sought him "without"—it was woman that stood at a distance and gazed latest upon his agonies at the cross; and it was woman that came first to inquire at the tenantless grave.—History teems with the efficiency of woman's exertions, her long endurance, her ready sacrifices, and her successful labors; and now when the manners of society have changed, we have only a change in the mode of his charities, none in the spirit of devotion and influences of them. Is the "gospel to be preached to all creatures?" woman hears the plea; her willing hand collects from a thousand sources the means to fulfil the purpose. She gathers a vast accumulation in particulars so trifling as to be overlooked by man; and when the orphan and the widow supplicates, her hand can minister with a double efficacy, because it delicately ministers. We stop not to praise woman at the bed of sickness, because no comparison exists at that place; there woman is supreme. The physician may prescribe, but woman must minister; she must watch, nourish, sustain and charm to convalescence, or else her kindness must smooth the pillow, and her hand close down the dimming eye. In such a situation a woman is not to be valued, "her price is above rubies."—*U. S. Gazette.*

Mr. Coleridge, a few months before his death, wrote his own epitaph in the following words: "Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop child of God, And read, with gentle breast. Beneath this sod A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.—That he who many a year with toil of breath, Found death in life, may here find life in death! Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

"I wonder," says a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one point—he wishes to be master and so do I."

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Concord, Friday Dec. 19, 1834.

Who Knows? We have seen in the New-York Times, a letter of Dr. Samuel L. Metcalf, contradicting certain assertions made by our correspondent who furnished the Biographical Sketch of Genet, contained in our sixth and seventh numbers. Although requested, the length of the communication forbids our copying it in extenso; we shall give the substance. Our correspondent did not mention Dr. Metcalf by name, but merely alluded to his work, as containing ideas and sentences copied from a work previously published by Genet. But the doctor declares that he was not aware of the existence of Genet's book, till two months subsequent to the publication of his own work, and that he never perused it till since he read the Biography. Of course, if any coincidence exists between the two works, it must have been purely accidental, and such as might naturally occur from the treatment of similar subjects by different individuals. But the Dr. says, that "there is not the slightest resemblance in matter or manner, between any two sentences in the works referred to." We have neither of the books at hand, but suspect if the Dr. should read with a little more care, that part of Genet's book, which treats of CALORIC, he would discover some resemblance. We do not know how far our correspondent may have erred; if at all we cannot believe, intentionally. We understood at the time, that the facts in the private and literary life of Mr. Genet, were derived by him, not from personal knowledge, but from a source which could not be discredited.

One word in Dr. Metcalf's ear. When you complain of wrong statements in others, be particularly cautious in regard to your own correctness. Neither of the quotations contained in the learned gentleman's letter, from the Biography referred to, were verbally correct, and the latter was made in such a manner, as to distort our correspondent's meaning, and convey a totally different idea from the one intended. Dr. M. quotes from the Biography this sentence; "that Sir Humphrey Davy has had the credit of discovering a mode of rectifying musty flour which Mr. Genet had discovered many years before." The effect of this quotation is to carry the idea, that our correspondent charged Sir H. Davy with scientific plagiarism, with being indebted to Mr. Genet for the discovery, whereas the words quoted are not the words written, and the only idea contained in the original, was, that the same discovery was made by both individuals, and it is expressly stated, that in Genet's case, it was not carried to perfection, of course not published or patented. The 'scientific doctor' suggests to the "Biographer the necessity of informing himself a little in regard to facts, before he meddles with the claims of scientific discoverers," but does he need to be informed, that

the same discovery has repeatedly been made by different individuals? does he believe that only one person is produced in an age, capable of making any one grand improvement in the arts and sciences; does he not know that the immortal, self-taught Ferguson considered as his own the discovery of certain mechanical powers which had been known to the world at large for years, and that our own 'sage Rittenhouse' presents a precisely similar case? If he did know these facts, why should he resort to the expedient of misquoting our correspondent's words for the purpose of ridiculing statements he never made? declaring that it appears from the statement of this Biographer that Sir H. Davy, "appropriated the ideas of Mr. Genet," when in fact he only stated that several years after "he made the same discovery and published an account of it in England?" we 'would suggest' to the doctor that even justice will never be done him any sooner in his 'claims as a scientific discoverer' for displaying a want of candor.

The New York Times and Albany Argus, are respectfully requested to insert the above.

NATHANIEL H. CARTER. We insert on our last page an "Ode to Christmas," one of the most beautiful pieces ever produced by this gifted writer. It was published anonymously in the New Hampshire Patriot, in 1817. In a letter to the editor of that paper accompanying the original communication, Mr. Carter says, "I send you a Christmas Ode, which I hope will reach you before the 25th; since I cannot but hope its sentiments will in some small degree contribute to your pleasures on the festive occasion—if so, do not forget the author of it, while you and your household assemble around the board and hearth. It was written last evening in some haste. By a letter from Blake, of R. I., it appears that you do not know I am an Episcopalian. I knelt at the altar and received the right of confirmation from Bishop Griswold on the 21st of Sept. at Windsor. Remember me as usual, and believe me, yours, N. H. CARTER." We have been promised by an esteemed friend and correspondent, several interesting, unpublished letters of Mr. Carter, written during his travels, which we shall soon lay before our readers.

NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE. We have received the December number of this periodical and have given it an early and careful perusal. We are fully confirmed in the opinion which we have heretofore expressed in regard to its merits. We sincerely believe it to be superior in every particular to any other monthly in the country. Mr. Fairfield, its editor, is one of the first of American poets and a superior writer.—A great part of the matter is from his own hand. We doubt not that, despite the open opposition and pretended scorn of the newspaper press, this Magazine will soon take the high stand to which it is entitled.

Ode for Christmas.

BY N. H. CARTER.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!
When thy creating hand
Spread the blue arch of heaven abroad,
And meted sea and land,
The morning stars together sung;
And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far
Was that eventful morn,
When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
Announc'd a SAVIOUR BORN! [gan—
Then sweeter strains from Heaven be-
"Glory to God—good-will to man."

Babe of the manger! can it be?—
Art thou the son of God?
Shall subject nations bow the knee,
And kings obey thy nod?
Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall
Before the tenant of a stall?

'Tis HE! the hymning seraphs cry,
While hov'ring down to earth,
'Tis HE! the Shepherds' songs reply
Hail! hail EMMANUEL'S birth!
The rod of peace that hand shall bear
That brow a crown of glory wear!

'Tis HE! the eastern Sages sing,
And spread their golden hoard,
'Tis HE! the hills of Sion ring,
Hosanna to the LORD!
The PRINCE of long prophetic years
To day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes! the CONQUEROR'S march begins,
No blood his banner stains,
He comes to save the world from sins,
To break the captive's chains:
The poor, the sick and blind shall bless
The PRINCE of PEACE and RIGHTEOUSNESS.

His arm shall set the nations free,
His word their minds illumine,
And, scatter'd by his light, shall flee
The darkness of the tomb;
And gods, in whom the Gentiles trust
Before him crumble into dust.

Though now in swaddling-clothes he lies,
All hearts his power shall own,
When he, with legions of the skies,
The clouds of heaven his throne,
Shall come to judge the quick and dead,
And strike a trembling world with dread.

Hanover, Dec. 20, 1817.

Death of Sampson.

Within Philistia's princely hall
Is held a glorious festival;
And on the fluctuant ether floats
The music of the timbrel's notes,
While living waves of voices gush,
Echoing among the distant hills,
Like an impetuous torrent's rush,
When swollen by a thousand rills.

The stripling and the man of years,
Warriors with twice ten thousand spears,
Peasants and slaves and husbandmen,
The shepherd from his mountain glen,
Vassal and chief, arrayed in gold
And purple robes—Philistians all—
Are drawn together to behold
Their mighty foeman held in thrall.

Loud pealed the accents of the horn
Upon the air of the clear morn;
And deaf'ning rose the mingled shout,
Cleaving the sky, from that wild rout,

As, guarded by a cavalcade,
The illustrious prisoner appeared,
And, 'mid the grove the thick spears made,
His forehead, like a tall oak, reared.

He stood, with brawny shoulders bare,
And tost his nervous arms in air—
Chains, leathern thongs, and brazen bands
Parted, like wool, within his hands;
And giant trunks of gnarled oak
Splintered, and into ribbons rent,
Or, by his iron sinews broke,
Increased the people's wonderment.

The amphitheatre, where stood,
Spell-bound, the mighty multitude,
Rested its long and gilded walls
Upon two pillars' capitals.
His weary arms, with labor spent,
He threw around the pillars there,
And to the deep-blue firmament,
Lifted his sightless orbs in prayer.

Anon the columns move—they shake,
Totter, and vacillate, and quake,
And, wrenched by giant force, come down,
Like a disrupted mountain's crown,
With cornice, frieze and chapter,
Girder, and spangled dome, and wall,
Ceiling of gold, and roof of fir,
Crumbled in mighty ruin all.

Down came the structure—on the air
Uprose in wildest shrieks, despair,
Rolling in echoes loud and long,
As sent from the crushed myriad throng.
And Sampson, with the heaps of dead—
Prince, vassal, chief in ruin blent,
Piled over his victorious head,
His sepulchre and monument.

Arabian Missions to Greenland.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Why steers yon bold, adventurous prow,
Thus towards the arctic zone,
Defying blasts, that rudely seal
To Ocean's breast, like stone?
Why dare her crew, those fearful seas,
Where icy mountains dash,
And make the proudest ship a wreck,
With one tremendous crash?
They come, who seek the spirit's gold,
They dare yon dreary sphere;
And winter startles at his throne,
Their strain of praise to hear;
They come salvation's lamp to light
Where frost and darkness reign,
And with a deathless hope to cheer
The sons of want and pain.

And lo! the chapel rears its head
Beneath those stranger skies,
And to the sweet-toned sabbath-bell
The thick-ribbed ice replies:
The Esquimaux doth seek that clime
Where flowers forever bloom,
And with undaunted courage pluck
The victory from the tomb.

When the last tinge of green departs,
The last bird takes its flight,
And the far sun no beam bestows
On that long polar night;
When in her subterranean cell,
To shun the tempest's ire,
Life shrinking guards her pallid flame,
That feebly lifts his spire.

The teachers of a love divine,
That firm, devoted band,
With no weak sigh of fond regret
Recal their father land;

The peaceful smile that lights their brow
When storms of winter roar,
Doth better prove their heaven-born faith
Than learning's loftiest lore.

A Winter's Sunset.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

I love a winter's sunset. Look, e'en now!
As the bright bird of heaven his wings extends
E'en to its utmost limit. 'Tis to fold
In one fond, last embrace, the earth, which
smiles
And catches from each golden plume a tinge
Of heavenly beauty. Look! The western sky
Was never, in the gorgeous summer time,
More bright with radiant hues, and never slept
More sweetly on its breast that mountain range.
Ay, 'tis glorious all!
And yet how faint! how dark! compared with
Him
Who thus doth condescend to shadow forth,
Of Deity, the tokens.

ADA BYRON.—The child of the late Lord Byron, says a correspondent, is a lovely creature, now about eighteen years of age. I saw her the other day; each side of her temples was covered with many plaits of braided fine brown hair; her high arched brow is a perfect model for a phrenologist; and from what I have observed of engravings, busts, &c. she very much resembles her father, the late Lord Byron. The organs of benevolence, imitation, and ideality (that intellectual and mental organ which breathes in every line of Lord Byron's works) I was enabled to perceive were highly developed, as were also the intellectual faculties of comparison, eventuality, locality, causality, and mirthfulness; the eye, though not very large is peculiarly penetrating, and the countenance beamed with great expression and intelligence; her stature is rather above the middle size, and her person is strongly formed; the face is round, mouth very small, and voice very sweet.—*Birmingham Journal*.

AGENTS FOR THE GAZETTE.

Aeworth,	Granville Gilmore.
Andover, Ms.	George S. Towle.
Bedford,	Harvey F. Courser.
Brookline,	J. B. Sawtell.
Claremont,	Francis P. Knowlton.
Epping,	James Robinson.
Goffstown,	Alonzo Carr.
Hanover,	Jabez A. Douglass.
New-Hampton,	John B. White.
Newport,	Gilbert Nettleton.
Pembroke,	Timothy J. Tenney.
Piermont,	Moses Learned.
Salem,	J. C. Ewins.
Salisbury,	Caleb P. Smith.
Wear,	John L. Hadley.

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